

Blue Hill

March 1957



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The Blue Quill

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February Convocation

Harold E. Stassen, special assistant to President Eisenhower, expressed Tuesday night his hope that Queens College students and their children will see world peace in their lifetime. He brought to Queens greetings from the President who realizes, he said, the importance of an "educational institution such as Queens College which has a religious background."

Speaking at the centennial convocation of the college, Mr. Stassen said that world peace would be brought about only by the "peacemakers" who direct atomic energy into peaceful rather than destructive purposes. To achieve peace and to prevent war America should possess "strength, reserve, care, and humility," stated Mr. Stassen.

Citing the possible destructiveness of modern weapons, Mr. Stassen expressed the opinion that peace is the only means by which the nations of the world can solve their problems. "War would be a mass net loss in the atomic age to all," he said.

America's role must be to use "poise and thoughtfulness. We cannot isolate ourselves from the world. We cannot dominate the world. Neither can we be cowardly." This Stassen declared.

The distinguished speaker concluded his address with the hope that the students of Queens College can enter the

second century of its history "with a belief that under God they can contribute to the future of mankind at peace."

Introduced by Rep. Charles Raper Jonas, Mr. Stassen was described as "a seeker after the formula which will bring peace to the world."

The convocation, sponsored by the Charlotte Chamber of Commerce and held at Ovens Auditorium, emphasized the relationship between Queens and the community. It was the third in a series of convocations held by the college during its centennial year.

C. W. Gilchrist, representing the Queens Centennial Committee of the Charlotte Chamber of Commerce, traced the history of the college through difficult and courageous times. He further expressed the theme of the program when he said, "Queens and Charlotte grew together in service to God and to mankind."

Another purpose of the convocation was to confer honorary degrees to two women outstanding in their field of medicine, Dr. Mary Martin Sloop and Dr. Connie M. Guion. Dr. Edwin R. Walker, president of Queens, conferred the degrees for the college.

Dr. Sloop, "educator, wife, mother, and devoted servant of the needs of

others," was honored for the work she and her husband, who is also a physician, have done in the founding of Crossnore School in the mountains of North Carolina. She was the first resident physician at Agnes Scott College and was named "American Mother of the Year" in 1951. Her qualifications for receiving the degree of doctor of humanities were presented by Mrs. Mary Irwin Belk, a member of both the Queens and Crossnore Boards of Trustees. Dr. Sloop's degree was conferred in absentia.

Dr. Guion, "distinguished scholar, teacher, and research worker," is a native of Lincolnton and grew up in Charlotte. She has held teaching positions at Vassar, Sweetbriar, and Cornell University Medical College. She was recognized by *Newsweek* for spending 35 years of her life as a diligent worker in the medical field. Gordon W. Sweet, dean of Queens College, presented Dr. Guion as recipient of the honorary degree, doctor of science.

Dr. Walker presided over the convocation which was begun by a short concert by the Charlotte Little Symphony Orchestra and an academic procession of faculty and trustees of the college. The invocation and benediction were led by Dr. Warner L. Hall, minister of Covenant Presbyterian Church.

—G. G.



Left to right: Paul Younts, Charlotte Chamber of Commerce, Dr. Walker, Dr. Guion, Harold E. Stassen, Charles Raper Jonas.

Proposed Campus Changes

Within the last few months the Board of Trustees of Queens College has adopted an extensive program for physical development of the campus. Plans include the removal of the entire row of buildings on the back campus from Carson Hall to the Dell, the construction of a drive in front of Stultz forming a horseshoe with the present back driveway, the erection of a library facing this horseshoe and a dormitory opposite Belk Hall, and the construction of new sorority houses facing the Dell. The architects are now engaged in making detailed drawings for the sorority houses and the library.

On September 1, 1958, the college will let the contracts for the library and dormitory. When the library is completed, the second floor of Burwell Hall will be remodeled

for use as classrooms and faculty offices. Also under discussion is a Fine Arts building, which may be constructed in the near future.

The Board of Trustees has deemed it more advisable to build new sorority houses than to relocate the present houses. Each sorority has been asked to raise the amount to cover its building costs by January 1, 1958. The actual construction of the houses will begin shortly after this date. The college will subsidize each sorority to the amount of two thousand dollars—the expense that would be incurred if the present houses were to be moved to a new location. In August, 1958, all of the old houses on sorority row (with the exception of Carson Hall) will be demolished.

The new sorority houses are to be three duplex units similar in design. Each duplex will contain an entrance hall, a large living room, a chapter room, a powder room, a kitchen, and storage closets for each of the two sorority groups which it will house. The units will be built in three levels, the lowest being around the fireplace in the living room. Modern lines will characterize both the interior and exterior design of the houses.

Panhellenic Council has planned several projects in which all the sorority groups will work together in order to raise funds for the new units. In addition to this, each sorority is contacting national officers and alumnae for advice and financial aid.

—M. W.

Dolphin Club Water Show

On March 15 and 16 the Dolphin Club will present in Ovens Gymnasium a water show, "Through the Years." On Friday night, March 15, there will be a performance for students, faculty, and outsiders. On Saturday afternoon, the group will perform for the children of Thompson Orphanage, the Gastonia Children's Orthopedic Hospital, and various other children's groups. On Saturday night there will be another performance for students, faculty, and the public.

The program will consist of numbers illustrating the dances of various periods in history, beginning with the "Blue Danube" of 1857 and continuing through the jazz of the modern era. One of the highlights of the program will be a parade of swim suits. In this feature, students and members of the faculty will model suits of all years. The first suit will be the 1860 fashion modeled by Miss Albright. With the help of a few extra dancers, all of the swimming and dancing will be done by members of the Dolphin Club. Judy Anderson will sing songs typical of a few of the eras. The program will close with a candle parade by the entire club.

The decorations for the gymnasium will be provided by the home economics department and the art department. Celanese Corporation will provide for the window a fifty-five-yard drape dyed to match the color of the water.

—S. D.

Hospitality Weekend

One hundred sixteen high school seniors from several Southern states were the guests of Queens students during Hospitality Weekend February 8-10.

After dinner and coffee in Burwell Friday night these visitors were shown the Queens Centennial movie, "A Year to Remember." Open House at the sorority houses gave the girls a chance to get acquainted with each other and with the Queens students.

Saturday morning these high school students visited in three classes of their own choosing. Saturday night found the visitors, their hostesses, and their dates at the faculty student basketball game. Following the game, six members of the Dolphin Club exhibited several skills necessary for admission to the club. This was followed by an informal dance and open house in the gym.

After church and dinner on Sunday, the 116 campus visitors departed for their homes. Many thanks for the success of this weekend should go to: Mrs. Green; Mrs. Bone; Boarding Student Council for taking registrations; Q.C.A. for the devotional in the chapel Saturday morning; Day Student Council and the day students, who acted as hostesses Saturday afternoon; the Sophomore class, who sponsored the basketball game; the Dolphin Club, R.A. and the Social Committee for sponsoring the Saturday evening activities and every student and faculty member who helped to make this Hospitality Weekend a success.

—A. C.

Greek Play

On the evening of February 20, the Concert-Lecture Series Committee sponsored the showing of "The Oresteia," a full-length color film produced at Randolph-Macon Woman's College by Capital Film Laboratories, Inc.

This particular production of Aeschylus' trilogy is particularly significant, being the first time in the Western Hemisphere that the classic has been performed in the Greek language. Brightened by authentic costuming and not so authentic music and choreography, and marked by very mature acting, Randolph-Macon's film of "The Oresteia" is a valuable and praiseworthy presentation.

—S. S.

Carrousel Parade

Thursday, November 22, dawned cold, crisp, and clear. While families all over Charlotte were enjoying Thanksgiving dinners, the floats for the tenth annual Carolinas' Carrousel Parade, dedicated to Queens College, were lining up. Last-minute touches of tinsel and crepe paper were hurriedly tacked into place as the starting time drew near. The street was a stream of noise and utter confusion.

Sirens screamed down Independence Boulevard as the policemen cleared a pathway through the pressing mobs of people. Mothers pushed their children to the curbs, fathers hoisted them to their shoulders, and necks craned as the first unit marched down the street.

The children told the story of the parade more vividly than any words. Their fingers found their ears as the blaring bands beat lively marches. They jumped and squealed as the floats passed and excitedly waved well-mittened hands at the cowboys and clowns. Their faces grew sad as a float decked with shivering girls in evening dresses swished by, and they snuggled deeper into their coats.

Like a curtain, the afternoon sun dropped deeply behind the buildings. Suddenly the parade was over. The floats with tedious hours of preparation were hurried away to be stripped of their decorative dresses. Fairyland princesses stiffly walked away, revealing pajamas and tennis shoes beneath their sparkling dresses. The crowd poured into the street and dashed for buses, taxis, and

Dianan Ball

The Dianan Ball was held in Ovens Gymnasium on March 2 from nine until twelve. Sponsored by the Panhellenic Council, the dance honored the new initiates of the five sororities. Music for the occasion was furnished by Billy Knauff. During intermission refreshments were served. After the dance each sorority had open house.

The decorations, using the colors of green and white, developed a Greek fraternity theme. Large Greek letters which represented the five groups were done in green on a white background, and a glittering statue of Diana was featured. Arrangements of greenery, fruits, and flowers completed the decorations.

The members of Panhellenic Council and their dates formed a figure just before intermission. These members are: Mary Ann Brown, President; Dannie Baker and Kitty Sue Faulconer, Alpha Delta Pi; Jeanne Fleming and Anna McAlpin, Alpha Gamma Delta; Zelime Dickson and Ann Logan, Chi Omega; Margaret Wright and Kathy Hooks, Kappa Delta; and Mary Lynn Gregg and Bunny Hershberger, Phi Mu.

The new initiates are: Alpha Delta Pi—Lynn Armstrong, Barbara Berry, Betty Bynum, Lynn Brown, Ann Car-

michael, Joyce Harris, Cathy Hutchinson, Donna Irving, Beth McNair, Sally McSwain, Penny Moffett, Leta Smith, Sara Streater, Jean Taylor, Pat Willingham, and Katherine Woods; Alpha Gamma Delta—Marjorie Bisson, Nancy Durland, Nan Floyd, Sandra Guigou, Carolyn Hamrick, Gladney Hoshall, Gail Jordan, Jackie Neely, Jane Oliver, Carol Sams, Mildred Stallworth, and Anne Wright; Chi Omega—Jane Agsten, Ann Bowman, Jean-Marie Bright, Carolyn Chase, Pat Currie, Flo Denny, Linda Dudley, Myra Eaves, Janice Fowler, Mary Gilmer, Marilyn Hackett, Ann Holswade, Alice Manning, Mary Ann Moffett, Lynne Nichols, Dona Pettit, Priscilla Selby, Diane Shumake, and Patricia Van de Erve; Kappa Delta—Mary Allred, Beth Appleby, Leila Bennett, Betty Burgess, Barbara Cantrell, Ann Chapman, Jane Davis, Peggy Harry, Nancy Ingram, Lou Long, Marie Rourk, Judy Smith, Caroline Tucker, Mary Elizabeth Walter, and Libby Whitley; and Phi Mu—Carol Adams, Jean Bailey, Ann Ballenger, Ann Barkley, Phyllis Crews, Vivian Crowther, Martha Farley, Bonnie Huske, Robbie Leckie, Pat Lewis, Jane Miller, Jake Ragland, Kathy Ross, Tricia Smith, and Alita White.

—M. A. B.

Plans of Contemporary Affairs

On Thursday, February 14, Dr. Jerome Davis, an outstanding scholar in the field of international affairs, spoke in the third program sponsored by the Contemporary Affairs Committee this year. The subject was "International Problems in the World Today." In his talk Dr. Davis touched briefly, but expertly, on the main issues of the day.

This meeting was presented with the hope that it would stimulate discussion among the students and the faculty here at Queens. The Contemporary Affairs Committee feels as if the informative programs will better aid in the understanding of the current problems and ideas of the changing world.

cars. Feet were cold and noses were red, but the glowing excitement and memories will last until next Thanksgiving Day and another parade.

—B. W.

Keeping this goal in mind, the committee has sponsored several other programs. One series centered on the Near East; it presented various viewpoints on the controversy. A discussion group was another program. Dr. Davis's talk concerning the Far East was the third in the group.

The future will bring programs centered on the segregation issue in which a lawyer and an educator will be the speakers. Other topics may be the textile industry and modern art.

The program sponsored by the Contemporary Affairs Committee is a flexible one geared to student reaction and planned to present many sides of a question so that discussion and creative thinking will be more prevalent on the campus.

Students are urged to support the programs by being at the meetings in Ninniss.

—G. G.

from the quill



How many of these names and places can you readily identify—Norstad, Harold Macmillan, Spencer Bell, Alba Eban, Hammarskjold, Strait of Tiran, John J. Parker, Nehru, Koto Matsudaire, Gulf of Agaba. Four? Five? All ten? If your score is four or under, perhaps the best place for you to be on Thursday mornings is in Ninniss attending the assemblies sponsored by the Committee on Contemporary Affairs.

Here one can learn about the issues and problems confronting the world—our world—of today. We should not

Plea For Attendance

need another Pearl Harbor or even another Suez scare to end our apathy. It is a privilege to have these speakers on the campus; these lectures should be supported by our presence. A criticism concerning the fact that we should not have to be compelled to attend events on campus is often heard. This would be an excellent opportunity to prove that we will attend enlightening programs without being made to do so.

—S. S.

Self-Regulation At Queens

STELLA DROSS

A common complaint on the Queens campus every year, and especially this year, is that there is not enough time for students to accomplish all that is expected of them. They feel that, no matter how hard they may try to budget their time, they cannot fit into their schedules all of the studies, the social engagements, and the extracurricular activities that they would like to include. Many times on our campus the extracurricular activities in which a student is interested fall on the day or night before a test or the deadline for a paper or report. Situations such as these cause the student to be disappointed in either her grades, her extracurricular achievements, or both. This problem of lack of time arises every day and will probably continue to be the main complaint of college students always.

There are, however, a few rules that will help a student to regulate her time in such a way that she can accomplish the things that are most important to her. On the other hand, a student cannot regulate her time unless she knows what aspects of college life are most important to her. It is essential, therefore, that every student determine what are to her the chief aims of her college education. Because the interests and abilities of each student are different, the aims and purposes will also be different. For this reason each student must determine her own guiding purpose.

Once she has established a satisfactory purpose, she can begin planning her personal program. Her guiding purpose should be the gauge that determines whom and what she will choose for her friends, her activities, and her pleasures. If, for example, a girl chose for her guiding purpose musical

development alone, she would include as many musical activities as she could squeeze into her program. She would probably attend all of the recitals and concerts on the campus and as many off-campus musical programs as she could; she would spend most of her spare time in the music building practicing; she would probably neglect as much as possible required non-music courses in her curriculum; and she would choose for her friends those who have the greatest interest in music. This is, of course, an extreme example. Most Queens students have for their controlling purposes those that include development in many areas, the physical, spiritual, scholastic, cultural, and social. Because of their many-faceted interests, they usually include in their programs activities from many areas. This is the point at which the trouble arises. A student forgets that, although she has many interests, she has only one guiding purpose; consequently, she takes upon herself many activities that are not in harmony with her guiding purpose. As a result, she finds herself completely burdened by a conglomeration of meetings, deadlines, duties, and responsibilities. Her time no longer belongs to herself to be used as she likes, but now belongs to committees and organizations. This situation has developed, of course, because of improper balance in the student's program.

Perhaps the most effective means of balancing a program is by making and adhering to a schedule. A schedule may be quite simple, but most useful and time-saving. Planning ahead can often cut the working time in half. In making a schedule, the student should include first the main things

that she has to do and should allot a reasonable length of time to each. She should put most important tasks first and so on, leaving routine work such as copying for the moments when she is least alert. She should remember to allow time for occasional short breaks. Once her schedule is made, she should stick to it; she should discipline herself to get started and to follow her duties through. Procrastination wastes precious minutes. The college student may find helpful not only daily schedules but also weekly or even yearly schedules which include things that she would like to accomplish over longer periods of time. These longer schedules may include books she wants to read, trips she wants to take, and any number of things that require long-

range planning. At any rate, schedules—whether for a year or for an hour—are useful tools for helping a student to accomplish more.

The schedule, however, has no lasting value to the student unless she couples it with her guiding purpose. In making her schedule, she should always remember that attending every social, academic, or cultural event on the campus is impossible, and she should include on her list only those events which contribute most to her purpose. By abiding by these few rules, the Queens student will not solve all of her problems concerning time, but she will do much to make her life more relaxed, less complicated, and more worthwhile to herself and her associates.

An Evaluation of My Classes

KIT RAMSEY

A year and a half ago I joined the students of Queens College in their daily trek to class. During this time I've attended classes that were required for graduation, classes that I wanted to take, classes that were mostly lecture, and classes that were for the most part open discussion. Now I am asked to evaluate these class periods and decide whether or not I have been richly stimulated by them. This is not an easy thing to do. If being richly stimulated means that I could hardly wait until the class met again, I am afraid that I must say no, for I have rejoiced too many times over a free cut in classes that I truly enjoyed. But if a class is considered to be richly stimulating when the student loses all track of time and leaves the classroom feeling that it was a period well spent, I must admit that I have been stimulated by my classes.

Why? Consider first of all the average size of the classes. Even in the larger ones I am personally familiar with ninety-five per cent of those around me. I am not a machine who must simply sit in a lecture hall and rapidly scratch down notes. I am a student whose opinion counts. Is it not easier to take part in a discussion when you know that your professor and fellow students know you than it would be to express your opinion in a large class where you are simply a name in the roll book and the person in the second desk in the third row? The personal atmosphere in the classes on this campus helps to make them satisfying and worthwhile. It eliminates the robot feeling that I am there to absorb all that is said and at some convenient time to pour forth all of my knowledge. Instead, there is a feeling of unity with my fellow students and with my professor.

And in these smaller and more personal classes there is something else that I consider to be very important in stimulating students: interest on the part of the professor. Most of the professors here at Queens College go far beyond what they are required to do; the professors that I have taken a personal interest in the poor frightened student before them. And because they care, I care. If I know that a professor will be as pleased as I about the good grade in some subject, I want to do my very best—not to receive any

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Reasons Why I Have Not Been Motivated

LAURA PRINCE

Before presenting my views on "Reasons Why I Have Not Been Motivated in my Classes at Queens," I deem it necessary to remind myself that many classes differ according to their subject matter. Therefore, it would not be fair to weigh a math course and an English course and expect to find an exact balance in relation to their ability to motivate a student. Also, where a student's interest lies, there will she be most inspired and motivated.

Certainly I shall say that I have been inspired in all of my classes, but in varying degrees; those aspects which have not motivated me are few but important. First, for the professor not to have a definite purpose in teaching his or her course or not to be vitally interested in the subject matter is discouraging to a student. These seem of great importance, for how can a student become interested in a course, if not already so, unless an interest in the subject can be found in the teacher? Again, why take a course unless a purpose which brings the satisfaction that comes from attained goals can be accomplished? Second, a lesson poorly presented is oftentimes discouraging and more so when that lecture dwells directly on the material in the textbook. Why rehash material to an exhaustive degree which has already been gone over? I do not mean that the book should not be referred to, for that is going against the aim of the course; but just to hear material quoted from the textbook can quickly cause a class discussion to become uninteresting. In contrast to the above point, a lecture consisting of many dealings far removed from the subject matter is both alarming and discomforting. One sometimes feels that absolutely nothing has been accomplished in fifty-five minutes which could have been a rewarding experience. Third, I am grateful to see the campus becoming aware of the tremendous benefits of the group tutorial method of teaching. I fully realize that this method cannot be used with various courses; but with those which can be presented successfully in this manner, a student is enriched mentally by being able to discuss her viewpoints on certain matters. Nothing detracts from a class period more than

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The Enigma of Thomas Wolfe

The Enigma of Thomas Wolfe, edited by Richard G. Walser. Harvard University Press, Cambridge, 1953.

The Enigma of Thomas Wolfe is a collection of essays on all phases of the life and writing of this controversial literary figure. In an attempt to give a comprehensive summary of the many things which the critics argue about, Walser has made an excellent selection of representative essays. The three divisions of the book—"The Writer," "The Books," and "The Commentators"—are indicative of the subject contained in it.

The subject matter ranges all the way from the highly sympathetic biographical sketch by Wolfe's editor, Maxwell Perkins, to the scathing criticism by

Worth Your While

Santee Paradise by Archibald Rutledge is a beautifully written book filled with descriptions of the primeval swamps and forests of the Santee Delta, accounts of local customs and traditions of the area, and experiences of Mr. Rutledge in childhood and in later years. *Santee Paradise* is a work that is always charming, often moving, as Mr. Rutledge weaves the spell of this river Eden around the reader. Mr. Rutledge guides the reader through the dim aisles of the forest, and the reader beholds wild swine, alligators, wild turkeys, deer, cottonmouth moccasins which festoon the trees and bushes, and eight-foot diamondback rattlesnakes. I think that most readers will not share Mr. Rutledge's admiration of the rattlesnake and will be horrified to know that he does not kill them when he finds them in the

The Land Called Chicora

The Land Called Chicora, by Paul Quattlebaum. U. of Florida Press Gainesville, 1956.

The land called Chicora was discovered in 1526, and 150 years later the first permanent settlement was established there. Records of the events which took place during the 150-year period from the discovery of this land to its settlement have been compiled and presented, by Mr. Paul Quattlebaum in his fascinating volume, *The Land Called Chicora*. Supplemented by maps, illustrations and detailed notes, this book discloses little-known facts about the history of the southeastern part of the United States, especially the section along the Atlantic coast known today as the Carolinas.

Lucas Vázquez de Ayllón, a Spaniard of great wealth who resided on the island of Hispaniola, began in 1520 to finance expeditions to the continent of North America. Gordillo, the captain of the first expedition, landed on the coast of what is now South Carolina on the 18th day of August, 1520. When Ayllon heard of the discovery, he set out for the court of Spain, where he was granted a patent which allowed him to return as governor and to colonize the newly found land.

After three years of preparation Ayllon and five hundred men whom he had chosen set out for the land called Chicora. On the shore of the Waccamaw River they established the settlement San Miguel de Gualdape, the first Spanish settlement on the continent of North America, north of Mexico. The settlement was short lived, however. Sickness, cold, and the death of their leader discouraged the colonists, and they sailed for home.

Spain was not the only country to be interested in the land called Chicora. Jean Ribaut, a captain in the French army, explored the coastal regions of Florida, Georgia, and South Carolina, establishing a French fort at Parris Island. He was welcomed by the friendly Indians of the region and provided with food and supplies by them. When he returned to France, however, the fort which he had established was destroyed by Manrique, the governor of Cuba under orders from the king of Spain.

Browsing . . .

Bernard DeVoto in "Genius Is Not Enough." This essay, first published in the *Saturday Review* and reviewing *The Story of a Novel*, has earned DeVoto the title of Wolfe's archenemy. Reading it, one can easily see why. Taking the main characteristics of Wolfe's style, he literally tears each to shreds and appears to see nothing good in Wolfe's writing. In his eyes Wolfe has not lived up to the promise shown in *Look Homeward Angel*, which DeVoto regards as a typical first novel both in defects and strong points. To DeVoto, the lengthy descriptions forming such a large part of Wolfe's writing are superfluous material ("placental passages") which Wolfe has been unable to shape into the pattern of the novels and which he has refused to leave out.

On the other side of the picture we find praises such as those contained in "Wolfe's Genius vs. His Critics" by Thomas Lyle Collins. One part of this essay is an attempt to answer the criticisms brought forth by Mr. DeVoto. Collins states as the main flaw in DeVoto's criticism the fact that he tries to

swamps. Many photographs of this Santee paradise add to the interest of the book.

Grand Deception is an anthology containing the world's most spectacular and successful hoaxes, impostures, ruses, and frauds, collected and edited by Alexander Klein. Writings by some of America's more outstanding authors are found in *Grand Deception*. But of all the many tales of deception, the most interesting event described in the book was an event that people were told was a deception: the invasion from Mars, which was done over CBS and which produced mass panic in many parts of the country. Interestingly enough, the recent television series "Air Power" produced the same reaction, though on a much smaller scale, as the screen depicted an attack on the United States by an enemy. *Grand Deception* is a book calculated to entertain and amaze the reader.

Three classics of American literature bear reading or re-reading in the light of recent events in race relations and

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Abraham Lincoln

Abraham Lincoln by Benjamin P. Thomas. Eyre & Spottiswoode, 1953.

"With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace, among ourselves, and with all nations." Exhausted, weary, with the sound and fury of battle ringing in his ears, Abraham Lincoln penned these words as he wrote his second inaugural address. Distress, death, and destruction had raged for four years as the two opposing forces, the Union and the Confederate, had fought bitterly against each other. The final decisive battle had not yet been fought, but victory for the Union forces was now imminent. Suffering and poverty must end; hatred must be replaced by love; reconstruction must begin.

Benjamin Thomas in his comparatively recent biography proved that he understood the greatness of the spirit of Abraham Lincoln, for as he revealed his life he captured the simple, democratic, nationalistic spirit of the man. Thus, he insured the accomplishment of his fundamental purpose: to present a concise, one-volume biography of Abraham Lincoln. This study was written not only for the Lincoln scholar, but also for the beginner or the interested but time-limited reader. Based on an intensive study of the accumulated efforts of research students prior to its publication, the work was thoughtfully undertaken and successfully accomplished.

Mr. Thomas naturally returned to the earliest references to Lincoln's ancestry, birthplace, and childhood to begin his study. Devoting only a limited space to this aspect of Lincoln's life, Mr. Thomas spent proportionately a much greater amount of time showing how Lincoln's varying positions—clerk, postmaster, surveyor, legislator, and politician—moulded him for national leadership. As he traced Lincoln's history, moreover, Mr. Thomas apparently purposely recorded many incidents with specific emphasis on character building and political learning value. Throughout his study Mr. Thomas carefully

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Little Lower Than The Angels

This is indeed an unusual book about the Jewish religion. Many books on religion in general discuss such basic problems of life as how the world came to be, questions about right and wrong, and problems of the relation of man to man and of man to God. These questions are usually a side-line to the book—questions that are usually given to students as material to be accepted, to be learned, and then to be presented on tests during examination periods. But this book is entirely different from others on the subject of the Jewish religion, especially from those books written for the young.

Throughout this book the puzzling problems of life, on which men have reflected down through the centuries, are presented in such a way as to stimulate thought and to arouse curiosity. Many of the doubts concerning religion which have put men into a turmoil throughout the ages are here introduced again and again. Although the presentation is a modernistic one, it is so written as to give young people a feeling of the abiding spiritual values inherent in life.

This book is a textbook; it is designed as a study in religion for boys and girls in the high-school department of education. A workbook accompanies the volume to reinforce the goal of the textbook and to stimulate thought and discussion.

Suppose that in the next ten minutes you could miraculously be given the answer to any one question you might wish to ask. What question would you select as the most important one to you at the moment? Would you want the answer to a difficult math problem that you are sure will be on your next exam? Maybe you would want to know the field of work for which you are best suited. Or, would you ask an entirely different question—one that had to do with the deep, hidden meanings of human life? If your question was of the type just mentioned, then it would be a question about religion.

This type of question has been asked by every group of men since the beginning of human history. Such questions have continued to bother man for three main reasons: first, because there has been much about life that man has not been able to understand; in the second place, because primitive man has

greatly feared much about nature; and third, because people have always needed assurance that life is worth while, that it has a purpose. For these reasons then, and many more, we continue to ask questions about religion. For example:

How and when did this earth first begin its existence? . . . Out of what material or substance was the first human being made? . . . Will the world ever end? . . . What happens to us after we die? . . . Is there a God? . . . What good does it do to pray?

You will certainly agree that these questions are of extreme importance. Yet these are only a few among hundreds that people ask. Rabbi Gittelsohn has not attempted to answer these questions in his book, but he has tried to bring about serious thinking on the part of his readers which will lead them just a little closer to the truth about God.

Putting together the book as a whole, the reviewer finds that the task of the Rabbi has been threefold:

1. To ask many of the important religious questions which man has asked through the ages.
2. To examine the answers given by those who have lived before us and especially the Jewish race.
3. Using these tentative answers as a guide, to search for ideas which help people live better lives as modern Jews.

Little Lower Than the Angels is an informative book as well as a book dealing with the problems that have puzzled man for many ages. For those of us who are Christians, it gives a deep insight into the true Jewish religion; not only does it help us to understand this particular religion, but this book brings out the many ways in which the Christian and Jewish religions are alike, something that has too often been left undiscussed.

Rabbi Roland B. Gittelsohn. *Little Lower Than the Angels*. Union of American Hebrew Congregations, New York: 1955.

—Laura Prince

The Enigma of Thomas Wolfe

(Continued from page 8)

separate poetry and fiction by too dogmatic a rule. In answer to DeVoto's statement that the "dark substance" in Wolfe is unrelated to the narrative material, Collins points out that these two types of writing supplement each other in Wolfe's novels. In summarizing this section, Mr. Collins has this to say:

I cannot repeat too often that it is true that Wolfe has many faults, that he wrote many bad passages. But these faults are the flaws in greatness, not the limitations of talent.

In short, Mr. DeVoto . . . [is] trying to make a molehill out of a mountain.

These two essays may be taken as representative of the wide scope covered by this book. The sketch by Maxwell Perkins, however, is typical of another type of writing contained in the book. Perkins gives some interesting insights into Wolfe's character as a person and also into the forces which motivated him to write. The editor gives a very detailed account of the process by which *Of Time and the River* was prepared for publica-

tion. The long and tedious hours of revision reveal Wolfe's perfectionism as a writer.

An interesting inclusion in this book is the chapter of an unfinished novel by Wolfe, "Justice Is Blind." This excerpt falls far short of the greatest of Wolfe's writings, but it reveals in a very vivid way the hatred and contempt in which he held the legal profession. His biting sarcasm is evident in the following passage:

Justice, he had heard, is blind. Of this he was unable to judge, because in all his varied doings with legal gentlemen he never once had the opportunity of meeting the Lady. If she was related at all to the law, as he observed it in majestic operation, the relationship was so distant that no one, certainly no lawyer, ever spoke of it.

In these paragraphs, then, lies an example of the contents of *The Enigma of Thomas Wolfe*. As an introduction to the vast subject of Thomas Wolfe, it is excellent. Being a cross-section of criticism, it is also worthwhile as a collection of some of the most important writings on the subject.

—Sarah Ann Smith


Worth Your While

(Continued from page 8)

the problems to be faced in the future. Harriet Beecher Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, despite the fact that it has been discredited by both North and South, is still a very interesting book and one well worth reading. It probably influenced American history more than any other book ever written. Next read Thomas Nelson Page's *Red Rock*, the story of a Southern family during the Civil War and Reconstruction period. Then read Thomas Dixon's *The Klansman*, which was made into the movie, *The Birth of a Nation*, and which influenced the American scene almost as much as *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. After having read these three works, pick up a copy of the recent work by J. C. Furnas, *Goodbye to Uncle Tom*. When you have read these books, you will have a clear picture of how the attitude toward the Negro has changed over the years and should have a better understanding of the problem facing our nation today.


—G. B.





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In recent years there has been some tendency to overlook the fact that South Carolina is awake from the literary standpoint since her political views and economic standards have dominated the public scene. Nevertheless, she is awake—wide awake—and is now experiencing impressive contributions from literary circles. This has not been any sudden awakening—no renaissance; rather, it stems from a firm foundation of literary efforts down through the years.

Literature in America seems to have been largely regional. One may regard it as one of the crops of the country, varying according to the section which produces it. How different are the atmosphere, the dialect, the local color, and the people on a cattle ranch in Arizona from the atmosphere, the dialect, the local color, and the people on a cotton plantation in South Carolina. These factors have decided effects upon the literature developing from a section of the country. A short glance reveals that South Carolina literature has come directly from regional influences.

Closely related to the effect of these influences is the effect of the diversity of the population of the area. Represented in South Carolina writing have been the English, the Huguenot, the Scotch-Irish, the Gullah Negro, and the Sephardic Jew. Breaking the group down even more, one finds the following local types that have received attention: the Sandhillier, the Ku Klux Klansman, the Provincial Pioneer, the Revolutionary Partisan, the Tory, the Confederate, and the Swamp Hunter.

These conditions are not confined to the past, as one would be inclined to think. For example, only recently Elizabeth Boatwright Coker succeeded in portraying in her novel *India Allan* the conflict aroused during the War for Southern Independence and its frightful aftermath—reconstruction. On the other hand, a dip back into the nineteenth century reveals that the writers then were concerned with the same basic ideas: portraying the people as they were—social structure and its contrast between the poor whites, the slaves, and the dominant aristocratic class. In 1832 Caroline Howard Gilman wrote a book entitled *Recollections of a Southern Matron*. It is interesting even today for its charming sketches of Southern characters. She made another outstanding contribution to the literary field by establishing the first indication of the local color school which was to develop after 1870.

Although South Carolina has many writers of our present day who have produced creditable works and has those for whom the future is securely beckoning, the fact remains that her most outstanding period of literary production occurred during the first half of the nineteenth century. One does not consider the South during this period from 1800-1870 without considering Henry Timrod, the poet laureate of the Confederacy, who has been ranked with

siderable success in New York and later on tour in London. By 1933 George Gershwin had recognized the operatic possibilities of Porgy's story, and he began the task which resulted in America's first folk opera. DuBose Heyward will always be remembered both through the superior creation of the novel and the resulting opera.

Let it never be thought, however, that Heyward's talents expired with this composition. In 1922 he was instru-

Contemporary Writers of South Carolina

SALLIE McSWAIN

Holmes and Whittier. More inspiring than Timrod's career, however, is that of Paul Hamilton Hayne. He is considered first among American poets as a sonneteer, and his output became the largest of all the Southern poets. Neither to be overlooked during this time is William Gilmore Simms, "the most prolific writer in America." He has been compared with Cooper in that the two use similar devices of suspense. These, among other authors, set in the literary world the precedent for South Carolina which is being faithfully upheld today.

The most outstanding of the contributors to her modern school has been DuBose Heyward. He reached his peak with the publication of the novel *Porgy* in 1925, although his output continued until his death in 1940. *Porgy*, set against the pageantry of Negro life in Catfish Row of Charleston, has been called "the first novel written about the character of the American Negro which was at once true and a work of art." Heyward was the first person to present the Negro as a fitting subject for dignified writing without sentimentality or prejudice. With the assistance of his wife, he worked out a dramatization of the novel, which was produced by the Theatre Guild in 1927 with con-

mental in organizing the Poetry Society of South Carolina, and in that same year he collaborated with Hervev Allen on a book of poems, *Carolina Chansons*. The late twenties brought forth from him additional novels: *Angel*, *Mamba's Daughter*, and *The Half Pint Flask*. The play *Brass Ankles* flowed from his pen in 1931. Nevertheless, neither of these later works nor any of the poetry which followed equaled the perfection reached in *Porgy*.

Two women who hold significant positions in the group of contemporary novelists are Elizabeth Boatwright Coker, who was mentioned earlier for her novel *India Allan*, and Julia Peterkin. The latter is best known for her Pulitzer Prize winner *Scarlet Sister Mary* in 1927. Spending her childhood at "Lang Syne," the family plantation, she became very close to the Negroes of her household, and in her adulthood she was considered an authority on Negro life, depending upon these experiences for much of her source material. Since 1947 she has done very little writing because her work did not come easy—it was something of a chore for her; but she felt as if she should say what she thought and wanted to say. She is permitting herself to find new interests in her later years.

Mrs. Coker's productivity did not become concrete until the early 1950's with the publication of *Daughter of Strangers*, as she did not take stock until 1947 of her youthful ambitions at Converse College, some twenty years before. It has recently been said that she is "a national writer to be reckoned with."

Probably the most prolific field of contemporary literature in South Carolina has been that of poetry. It is interesting to note that this poetry is, for the most part, entirely concerned with Carolina settings and moods reflected through the settings. A particularly significant influence has been that of nature upon the verses and lyrics. Archibald Rutledge and Herbert Ravenal Sass are two noted exponents of nature writing. Both of these men spent their childhood on plantations in the Low Country and thrived on experiences in the out-of-doors with their wildlife friends. The more widely known of the two is Mr. Rutledge.

With a foundation at Porter Military Academy and Union College, New York, where he received his M.A., Mr. Rutledge has developed exquisitely lyrical poetry imbued with a master's touch. He frequently employs modern themes with a style that conforms to the romantic and traditional school of English and American writers. It was fitting that this true Carolina poet be chosen in 1934 as the first poet laureate of South Carolina. And at a joint session of the General Assembly on January 25, 1956, he was presented a gold medal in appreciation of his service in this position.

As was previously mentioned, the majority of his work has been stimulated by his interests in nature and wildlife. In recognition of his writings from a naturalist's point of view he was elected a member of the National Association of Audubon Societies and was the recipient of the John Burroughs' medal in 1932. In addition, he has been awarded an honorary Litt.D. four times.

Although Mr. Rutledge prefers poetry, he has made outstanding contributions to the field of prose with more than twenty commendable volumes to his credit. Many of his essays and feature stories have found publication in periodicals of national and international fame. His accomplishments can well be summed up in these words of Henry Van Duke:

There is no man living who writes about nature and vital relations to the human spirit with fuller knowledge

of finer feeling than Archibald Rutledge. There is humor in his work and there are wonderful pictures painted in words that glow with the color of life. There is religion—not theology, mind you, just plain, out-of-doors religion—a thing to bring peace to the hearts of those distracted by the noise and oppressed by the mechanism of the age in which we live.

On the other hand, Mr. Sass has held his own on the national front, and it has been said that his book of verses, *The Heart's Quest*, entitles him to be ranked as one of the best Southern poets since Timrod. Paradoxically, it is considered that writers are analytical of themselves and of others, self-absorbed and very prone to ponder their own sensibilities and sensations. Mr. Sass has none of these attributes, however. His early experiences on the *Charleston News and Courier* undoubtedly contributed to his power to share, by "graphic and pellucid writing," his love of nature with those who also sense her potent charm. He has delved into the history of his state in outstanding works, such as "Epitaph Upon the Confederate Dead" and in an article concerning South Carolina in the *National Geographic Magazine* in the fall of 1951.

Magazine articles have been the primary outlet for his prose. Two of his novels, *War Drums* and *Anne of the Indies*, have appeared in serial form in the *Saturday Evening Post* and later were altered and developed into motion pictures. Mr. Sass is not only a writer of importance, but his personal qualities make him valued as a friend to those with whom he comes in contact.

It is worthy of note that the literature of South Carolina throughout the years has been fertile with volumes devoted to the recording of her history. Before 1860 William Gilmore Simms, mentioned earlier, recognized the necessity of preserving his state's development in written form and was responsible for the book *The History of South Carolina from Its First European Discovery to Its Erection into a Republic*. In 1917 his granddaughter, Mrs. Mary C. Simms Oliphant revised this history, which was somewhat sketchy and with numerous errors. Shortly thereafter it was adopted by the State Textbook Commission for use in the schools and has continued to be an important part of the curriculum of the elementary student. Mrs. Oliphant has revised this text four times, as well as supplemented it with workbooks

and an additional textbook in the late 1940's. At the present time Mrs. Oliphant is editing the letters of her grandfather, a work which promises to be one of the most important literary productions ever issued in South Carolina.

At Winthrop College is found another contributor to the historic facets of the literary field of today. Although he is not a native Carolinian, Dr. Hampton Jarrell, born in Savannah and receiving an education at the University of Georgia and Harvard University, came to Winthrop as a professor of English in 1932. Readily he became aware of the possibilities for research in his adopted state. Several of his articles have been published in the *Atlantic Monthly*. His book *Wade Hampton and the Negro: The Road Not Taken* has shed considerable light on the thinking of present-day leaders in the South, for to understand Wade Hampton fully is to understand much of Southern life and politics.

As has been seen through this paper South Carolina has been remarkably prolific in the field of literature through the years. She has been recognized as the leading contributor among the Southern states in the nineteenth century. In this twentieth century she has held her own, although she has not fully measured up to the perfection of her preceding period. Nevertheless, her readers are many and enjoy the quaintness and true feeling which is characteristic of her today. Her literature remains devoted almost entirely to the local scene—still portraying the people as they are. The novels deal with the social structure during the period they are devoted to, whereas the poetry has somewhat more modern themes, or at least is not definitely marked to one period.

Up to this point in the contemporary world, the author who will be remembered more than any other is no doubt DuBose Heyward. His *Porgy* has shown the situation and conditions among the Negroes of Charleston in such a perfect and enthralling style that it will be valued both for its historical and social aspects. However, Julia Peterkin, Elizabeth Boatwright Coker, Archibald Rutledge, Herbert Ravenal Sass, Mary C. Simms Oliphant, and Hampton Jarrell will always stand out as worthy and valuable contributors to the literature of their state.

At the present time South Carolina is in the midst of changing from a period of hanging on to the past to one which
(Continued on page 14)

THE SQUARE

STELLA DROSS

I have met many types of college students—smart-alecks, loud mouths, bookworms, geniuses, dumbbells, great people, small people, aggressive people, and shy people—but never have I met anyone who disturbs me more than the spineless, unpopular, and outmoded student whom we properly term a square. This person, no matter where he goes, can immediately be spotted by his mousy, anti-social, and intellectual personality.

Recognition of the square is facilitated because he has no crew cut; his clothes do not have the smart Ivy League look; he doesn't even own a crew neck sweater or a tweed coat. Because he lacks the casual, relaxed-looking walk that marks a good, all-round guy, his gait resembles that of a man in armor. In contrast to Joe College, he doesn't have a handy key chain draped from the belt loop to the pocket of a pair of unpleated, belt-back trousers; nor does he have a fraternity pin with several neat-looking stones to give to his girl to prove his love. This awkward-looking, unmasculine male is just whom you would expect him to be: the college square.

The social life of this worm is nothing less than backward. When everybody who is anybody thinks a party is just beginning to jump, he thinks it is time to leave; or, when the boys want to break the frustrating monotony of studying on week nights, this square wants to take advantage of the silence in the dormitory by, you guessed it, studying. This sour chap does not seem to realize that others have as much academic work as he but still have time to strengthen their social relations because they have discovered the ingenious technique of studying from old tests. The square, however, foregoes the advantages of these all-important friendships because he feels that he should spend his time digging facts out of dry, wordy textbooks, even though the salient points have been neatly outlined by his Phi Beta Kappa fraternity brother of former years. And so our friend remains in all of his social contacts the ungregarious person he was obviously born to be.

This social outcast is at his worst when on the campus. He is the type who can sit in his dormitory and study when all others, having recognized the learning values offered by psychological dramas, have sacrificed their studies to attend the local flick in order to broaden their knowledge in this timely field of study. The college square is, furthermore, the show-off who voluntarily attends lectures on his campus, whereas the more humble students have seen the importance of student bull sessions and have therefore developed many friendships through informal discussions during the thirty minutes which the school daily provides for this purpose. The square not only wastes hours in lectures, but also dawdles away precious time at community concerts and local symphony performances. This square fallaciously forms his opinions by reading the subjective, biased views emotionally expressed in newspapers. He would profit much more by listening to the views expressed by his classmates, who base their opinions on the background supplied by their mature and well-informed parents who, in some cases, even know personally the senator of their state. The fact that even Aristotle himself wrote about humor and laughter does not impress this solitary soul; he does not even start his day off right by getting a good chuckle from the humorous comic strips offered by all leading newspapers. How much brighter this world would be if all of these solemn, stone-faced people took more time to enjoy the little delights such as these that continually surround us!

But the square does not take time. He will, because he refuses to face the fact that he is living in the twentieth century, never be able to enjoy the myriad pleasures of this age, but will, because of the melodramatic and overly serious view which he has of life, continue to be smothered under a world of care. He will be considered both now and long after he leaves college the intellectual, anti-social mouse.

Reaction To Failure

MELISSA MARTIN

The reaction of a freshman to failure is an indication of her maturity. This reaction will give an insight into the standard of values that the student maintains.

The freshman who receives a failing mark in surly defiance typifies the childish and immature approach to college. She tries to place the blame not on herself but on a poor teacher, on her inability to concentrate, or on an intolerable roommate. Naturally if these obstacles exist, they will pose a problem; but the adult student will set her standards higher and surmount these obstacles. She will take this failure as a challenge to work harder and make use of the opportunities provided.

Some students may take their failure with the attitude of a defeatist; and there again the approach is childish and immature. To feel that she is destined to fail and cannot possibly do better is a ridiculous as well as an unhealthy attitude to take. This individual needs guidance and training in becoming mature in her college life so that what knowledge she has absorbed can be salvaged.

Many freshmen may fail because their study habits and attitudes are not those of a conscientious student. They put sororities and social life first; and then, if time permits, they make an attempt at studying. These students often react to failure with an I-don't-care attitude and decide that college and studies are not for them. In these cases it is sometimes true that college is not for them, but many times the social butterfly can be brought to her senses by the failure and can become a mature individual because of it.

The student who makes a definite effort to improve her failing work and who rightly accepts the blame for her failure is the mature college freshman. She recognizes her failure, but she refuses to let it bar her way to a full college education.

Abraham Lincoln

(Continued from page 9)

presented Lincoln as a human being subject to weakness, misjudgment, and failure; and he earnestly tried to judge Lincoln's success in the light of nineteenth-century knowledge, not as a twentieth-century scholar.

No biography of Lincoln would be sufficient without a rather full study of Lincoln's position during the Civil War. As President of the United States, he bore the responsibility of clarifying the issue, supervising the army, appointing the generals, maintaining good foreign relations, keeping the citizens satisfied, winning the war, and beginning reconstruction; in short, he worked to preserve the Union. Mr. Thomas, in his discussion of this crucial time in the life of our nation, showed Lincoln's physical and mental participation to the limit of human endurance. He portrayed the internal conflict which Lincoln underwent as he tried to maintain harmony in his cabinet; hold together a party made up of "abolitionists and Negro-haters, high- and low-tariff men, hard and soft-money men, former Whigs and erstwhile Democrats, Maine law prohibitionists and German beer-drink-

ers, Know-Nothings and immigrants"; remain true to his personal convictions; and maintain his profound belief in the common man.

Mr. Thomas's greatest strength in his writing lies in his superior knowledge of the political history and thought of this period. His understanding of political movements and repercussions, his clarity of military strategy, and his keen perception into the hazardous and critical events of this period are woven uniquely into the presentation of this political figure. His story is not only that of a great and important political leader; it is also a study of the inside political scene, a study of the formation of the present Republican party, a study of the Civil War, and a study of the demands of the Presidency.

It was fitting that Abraham Lincoln, a slow, methodical, deep thinker, a man who "never forgot that democratic politics is the art of the possible, that to insist on the unattainable would only bring his downfall; that the function of a political leader in a democracy was not to impose his will, but to help the people decide wisely for themselves," and that "man serves himself best in the long run by being fair and generous toward

others"—should come to represent in history the spirit of American democracy. It was only proper to feel upon completing the reading of this work that Benjamin Thomas, clearly and interestingly, had presented an accurate one-volume biography of Abraham Lincoln, the President of *these* United States.

—Julia Rolston

Contemporary Writers of South Carolina

(Continued from page 12)

will look to the future. The most generally shared fault of the majority of work in the past five years has been the imitativeness as to form, particularly in poetry. But with steady encouragement from such organizations as the Poetry Society of South Carolina and the University of South Carolina Press (established in 1945), there will be a continuing output of literature. And with her writers—there is an impressive number of them—continuously striving to perfect themselves there is the possibility that South Carolina in the years ahead will come forth with literature that will be just as lasting as that which has gone before.



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It seems appropriate to begin a paper on the Bible's place in Christian education by a look at the meaning of Christian education. The definition in most books could be summarized as the guidance of people through graded experience to a more Christ-like life. Since the Bible is definitely *the* important book in the Christian religion, it is of utmost importance that we think through our position on the treatment of the subject matter of this book.

In order to do this one must look first at the uses which have been made of the Bible through the years. The

tine and other places. A new interest in the conditions under which the various books were written and their interpretation in the light of modern research characterizes it. This new feeling was a direct affront both to the literal and to the allegorical interpretations of the Bible. The fundamentalists, therefore, objected strenuously to the idea; and many people felt that these scholars were questioning the authority of the Bible. Today, however, it seems that most of these objections have been overruled, in theory if not in practice. The task now is to provide competent teachers

In all teaching of the Bible, the content of the text must be related to daily living. This can easily be done with a great number of the stories and passages drawn from the Bible. This is not to say that a moral must be drawn from everything in the Bible. But most of the events can be used to show the triumphs and failures of ordinary men and women and to guide the pupils in their lives by these examples.

The Bible must be used in different ways with different age groups. It must never be forgotten that the Bible is a book written by adults for adults. It is therefore necessary to select carefully the materials to be used with children. The practice of adaptation of the material to different age levels has been one solution to this problem, but it has pitfalls which must be recognized and carefully dealt with. Rather than cutting a story to the point where it no longer contains the essential points of the original narrative, it is better to leave in it some things which the child cannot completely understand. At all times it should be made clear that the book is incomprehensible to children, but their curiosity and interest should be aroused so that they will look forward with eagerness to the time when they can understand it. The Bible should be treated with respect and reverence by teachers so that the pupils will come to have this feeling also. As children mature into young people, they should be introduced to the various controversies between the Bible and science and shown how these are resolved so that their faith in this book may remain strong as their secular knowledge increases. With adults the many issues and problems raised by the Bible should be discussed with the purpose of increasing the meaning and significance of the book as a whole. Another thing that should be made clear is that some things, such as the miracles of Jesus, must be taken at face value and accepted on faith. This will not be hard to do if it has been emphasized from the first that the Bible is not by any means an easy book to comprehend.

If the Bible is used in the ways that have been discussed, I believe that it can become a living book for all age groups. The responsibility of the teacher cannot be over-emphasized in this situation, because he is entrusted with the task of interpreting this book to his pupils.

The Place of the Bible In Christian Education

SARAH ANN SMITH

Bible did not come into existence as a definite canon until the latter part of the early Christian era. Prior to that time the various books were used in much the same way by the Christians as the Jews used the Scriptures in the synagogue. That is, they were read for the purpose of instruction. During the Middle Ages the use of the Bible was confined to the clergy and those few highly educated laymen who could read Latin. To the common man it held no importance. With the Reformation came the renewed emphasis on the Bible as the chief source-book for Christian living and the plan for salvation. Luther emphasized the importance of each individual's being able to read the Bible for himself and work out his own idea of his relationship to God. This idea necessitated the translation of the Bible into the language of the common man. And as the centuries passed, the feeling arose on the part of many that the proper use of the Bible involved following the proof-text method. This consists of taking small portions of scripture selected at random out of their context and using them as guidance in solving some problem or making a decision.

It is against this method that modern thought is most directly aimed. The basis of the modern idea of the Bible is the historico-critical approach. This approach originated about fifty years ago as a result of archaeological findings in Pales-

who can present the Bible in such a way that it will be an integral part of and an asset to the purpose of Christian education.

The way in which the Bible is related to Christian education must now be discussed. It seems to me that the Bible must be recognized as the primary source of guidance in Christian instruction and daily living. This is true for a variety of reasons. From it we get the only full accounts of the life of Jesus, the center of our faith, the most accurate account of the beginnings of the early church, and the story of God's relationship to man from the earliest civilizations. The Bible is indeed the only continuous record of God's revelation of himself. Since this is true, its centrality in our teaching is justified.

The literary value of the Bible cannot be overlooked, for beautiful language evokes noble thoughts and deeds on the part of the reader. The intrinsic beauty of Biblical language is unsurpassed in the field of literature. For this reason memorization of the most lovely and meaningful passages is helpful for children at the age when their memorizing capacity is at its height. Although they may not be able to grasp the complete meaning at the time, they can understand that there is a beauty and reverence in the words and they can wonder at them.

Poetry

Weeds

LAURA PRINCE

The frail weeds exist
And that is all.
Nights have found them bowing to the wind.
Forever they bend,
Marking time—
Discordant patterns of dull color.
Soundless as the grave,
Gray and dull,
Morbid,
Repulsive,
There they grow,
Silly things!
Useless, except to keep the soil from
Wasting away.
What timeless beauty do they offer to man?
What comfort during a storm?
What fragrance do they bestow on the sweet,
Yet sad October air?
What insight do they give of their mother
the Earth?
Shallow are they.
Depthless is their eternal name.
Shamed must they be—yet, they give no token
Of such.
Life to them is a short period of waving
Back and forth with every gust of air.
Blindly they grope at the falling snow,
Only to be covered by it.
Leaves, hued leaves catch in their stems,
Turn brown, wither, and die of starvation.
The weeds offer them no nourishment.
Yes, here they bow with the mass.



They are helpless to stand erect.
Poor, blind weeds.
There seems no help.
But is there?

Night

MARY BROOKS YARBOROUGH

The night is filled with beautiful floating things:
Some are sounds
Like mingled relaxed voices.
Sunlight makes harsher these same voices.
But in the darkness they are fluffy,
Floaty.
They rise up in the air
Through the trees until they reach a leaf
Which is about to fall.
They sit on it,
And it falls.
Some of those people with the soft relaxed voices
Will walk by.
But a foot is a heavy, crushing thing at night
As it is in the day.

Why is night?
Often things are easier to do
And to say at night.
Is there a reckless wildness in people
That comes out only at night?
Or is there a soft, dulling quality there
That makes us do things
And then not be able to feel what we have done
As acutely?
Many things begun in night
End in day.
Do we lose reality?
Are we mingled voices at night
And heavy feet during the day?

Alpha

LAURA PRINCE

Dare I?
Dare I disturb the mist,
Mist of a hundred eons swept into the
quiet sea?
All is at peace now.
All—
All—
Await my coming.
Yet, dare I disturb?
Dare I with one breath decide the fate
Of countless beings?
The grasses bend their heads to receive
my step.
The wind longs to carry my voice.
Beauty breathlessly awaits my eyes.
Music sleeps, knowing her birth in mine.
All is ready and waiting.
Yet, dare I?
The earth was without form and void,
And darkness was upon the face of the deep.
Oh world! Fainting earth!
Can I call upon your name?
Where are you?
Are you so cruel as to spurn my misery?

Cannot I utter a word to your creator?
Would I live forever under the chains of
one mistake?
Would I hear the angry curses of those born
A million years from now?
Would I bear the shame of a being unlike
Myself and yet the same?
Dare I—
Dare I disturb the peace?
Can I present myself to perfection—
Blur it and not be despised?
What agony rends my unborn soul!
The earth was without form and void,
And darkness was upon the face of the deep.
O, unnamed being that bears me now!
Call back this birth!
Too late!
It is finished!
And I dare!
I dare to disturb perfection!
The guilt is mine all mine!
I dare
Because
My name is man!

Re-genesis

AUSTIN SIMPSON

Morning, born an hour before,
Was moving softly into day,
Filling every sleeping pore
Of desert with its waking ray.
Nature, in its humble way,
Awoke to see the somber night
Fade before the smiling day
And die the gentle death of light.
Man, who bedded with his strife,
Arose to find his troubles shorn.
Night in nature and in life
Dissolves itself in gleams of morn.
Blind inertia rules the night;
Dawn is darkness filled with light.

Nirvana

LOUISE ROBERTSON

In every word that speaks of happiness
Is still a whisper of a goal beyond;
In every note that sings of perfection
Finds still uncreated the perfect song;
In every love where love is thought true,
There still remains of two a lonely one;
For immortal things beyond still lie,
And mortal men were born to die.

Ode to a Piece of Ceiling

ROXANA MEBANE

O piece of ceiling hanging there
With one last bit of glue adhered,
You to your fellow sections cling
As if afraid of this last fling.
While all around six hundred eyes
Watch you instead of apple pies
And gaping mouths do speculate
If you will fall into their plates.
Some few do start a quick migration
And choose more distant battle station,
But twisted necks which watch that wall
Now doubt if you will fall at all.

But just as interest in you wanes
Some unseen soul of unknown name
Begins above with heavy feet
Against the second floor to beat.

And down below the room doth shake
And hearts of witnesses do quake
For those who gaze where once was you
Now soon expect to see a shoe.

The Land Called Chicora

(Continued from page 8)

Contention and strife continued between the two countries of Spain and France over the land called Chicora with neither country being successful in establishing a permanent settlement in the new land. It remained for the English to do this. In 1670 on the west bank of the Ashley River, William Sayle established Charles Town. The land called Chicora had its first permanent settlement.

The author has included in this historical book of fact, which sometimes reads like fiction, an interesting study of the aborigines—the Indians who first inhabited this land. The detailed account of their homes, religion, and daily life gives an indication of the vast amount of research and study which have gone into this book. It is a book which should be of interest to all students of history as well as to all those who now reside in the land called Chicora.

—Betty Murchison

Black Gloves

LOUISE ROBERTSON

Black gloves lying on the table,
Stare not so blamingly at me.
I did all that I was able.
Now take away his memory.

You lie, your fingers pointing so,
As if his hands were guiding them
To tell me that I still should know
That I am always bound to him.

Black gloves who in your palm has held
My hand in courtship and in love,
No longer round my finger weld
His ring. Point not at me, black glove.

His was first love, but first loves die
As the new bud that blooms 'fore Spring,
Which thinks that summertime is nigh,
But finds it's but Winter's jesting.

Black gloves, now I have left my love.
I am the one who's gone astray.
Ghost glove, I know it was my move;
Take your pointing finger away.

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The Puppet

BARBARA WHITE

The morning sun slipped in through the slatted blinds and danced across Pepper Irwin's sleeping figure. Its searching fingers crept up to his face, filling even the dark hollows around his eyes with radiant light. The sleep-crusted eyes opened slowly, then squinted tightly as morning poured into them. Suddenly he jumped straight up in bed. This was it! This was the day he was going to escape from his routine life of toiling under the iron fist of Morgan Grayley and set out on his own.

The cold floor felt good to his stubby toes as he jumped out of bed. Grabbing a yellow towel, he dashed into the shower, and a joyous song rose from his throat as the prickly streams of water stung his slight body. The joy ran through him as he dressed, allowing him to choose his favorite tie, instead of the dark conservative one he usually wore. It was of shiny red silk with a violent blue peacock strutting across its width.

As he came down the stairs from his apartment to the street, he decided that maybe he had better get on down to the office so that the boss wouldn't suspect anything. He had worked for Grayley almost five years, each day being told exactly what to do. How he had stood it for these years, he never knew. Deep in his mind, he knew that he had to get away.

Pepper jerked to a stop before a chewing-gum machine mirror and straightened his tie again. He ran a narrow-fingered hand over his snailshell slick hair, down his wiry neck. The business-like corner of a clean handkerchief peeped from his sports-coat pocket. Well-worn cuffs of tailored pants hung around his elevated shoes. He dug a penny from his hip pocket, clanked it into the machine, and grinned as he plopped the wad of gum into his mouth.

The shallow eyes flew open wide, as they saw the time. "Boss'll raise Cain!" he muttered as he darted down the street. His feet were small for a man's; so they had to take short, almost bouncing steps as he clattered down the sidewalk. He didn't want to get off on the wrong foot with the boss, even though he was leaving.

Passing a hardware store, he caught himself watching his reflection as he dashed by. He did not see the true Pepper in the window. His eyes appraised a suave figure, a man of the world, leisurely strolling for his morning walk. They saw the face of a man with a strong, jutting chin,

determined mouth, and immaculate dress. The rest of the world saw a weak-chinned face with a twisted half-smirk, and a crooked nose atop a slight body in a loud coat and tie.

Since he was hurrying along with his attention focused on the store windows, he did not see a small boy on a tricycle in the middle of the sidewalk. With a resounding smash Pepper fell flat. "Why don'cha watch out where you're going?" Pepper shouted at the little boy.

The boy, unnerved by this growly voice, looked down at the street, and his lower lip began to tremble. "I'm sorry, sir."

"Well, you ought'a be, kid. You ought'a have the daylight whaled out of you," Pepper said through tightly clenched teeth. "I'd better not catch'a doing it again, either."

The little boy murmured a half-heard, "Yes, sir," as he pedaled quickly down the street. Pepper chuckled to himself as he watched the scurrying boy. "Boy, I sure showed him who was boss!" he said to himself. Brushing a splotch of dust from his trousers, he continued down the street.

He stopped in front of a dirty, two-story building with fly-speckled windows, glancing up at one with the letters "Morgan P. Grayley, Stocks and Bonds" stenciled on its cracked pane. Entering through a sagging door, his short legs stretched and ran up the two flights of creaking steps.

He took a deep breath and stopped before a battered door. Cautiously he poked his head into a cluttered room and was met with a booming, "Get your good-for-nothing hide in here, Pepper Irwin!"

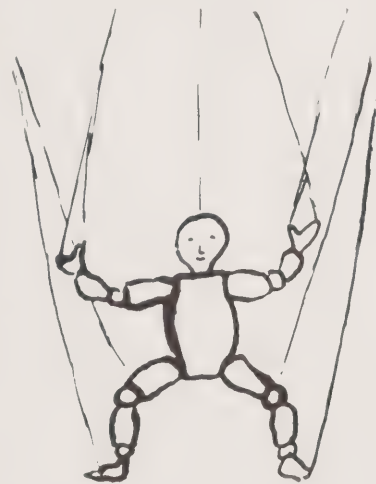
Gone was the growling voice which had made the little boy shake in his shoes. A high, thin one answered. "Yes, sir, boss. I'm sorry, sir. I-I" He tried his hardest to make his voice deep and meaningful, but the thin one crept from his mouth. He hated this man, and the hate was burning deep inside.

"You're always sorry!" the boss boomed again.

"Yes, sir, I-I"

"Where'd you get that tie? We ain't running a carnival around here, you know."

Pepper shifted his weight uneasily as he looked thoughtfully down his nose at his favorite tie. How much more could he stand? What had ever possessed him to come to the office this morning?



"Well, don't just stand there! Take it off! We've got work to do!"

Pepper's slender hand crept to the knot at his throat. He yanked the tie off with one twist. "Yes, boss."

Morgan P. Grayley, boss, sat with his broad shoulders hunched over a sloppy desk. Occasionally he chomped on a wet cigar butt and sent a little puff of smoke into the stale air. His receding hairline was halfway to the top of his shiny skull and came low around his stand-out ears. Prosperity was shown by his diamond ring and expensive suit.

Noticing the worried frown on Grayley's face, he questioned, "Something the matter today?"

"Can be trouble."

Pepper thought for a moment, then asked, "The uranium stocks?"

"Yeah, some joker thinks we're trying to pull something." Grayley raised the window, leaned out, spat, and looked at the wet spot on the pavement below. His slitted eyes narrowed as he stared into space. "Get down there and convince him we're not. It's not our fault the stocks never pay off."

"Same old dirty work, huh, boss?"

"Sure, sure, same old dirty work. You want'a end up in the pen?"

"No," his voice wavered. If he ended up in the pen it would not be for a crime so meager as crooked stocks, but for one like murder. The delicious thought raced through his mind. He sighed, savored its sweetness, but knew he could never kill this man.

"You better get down there."

"Look, boss, maybe we been in this town long enough. Maybe . . ."

"Just getting started!" Grayley lumbered over to Pepper and breathed hard on his neck. "You ain't gettin' yeller?"

"No!"

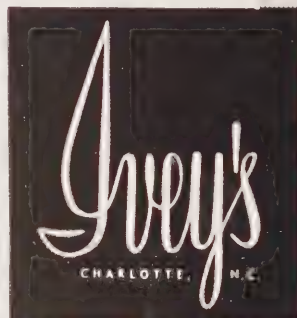
The stillness of the room was deafening. Pepper breathed "O.K., boss." He would laugh about this later. He would laugh and tell people how he had just gotten up and walked out on Morgan Grayley.

As he entered the sunshine again, he saw a mother across the street holding her child back with a leather harness. The child was whimpering and pulling and trying to free himself from this taskmaster. He saw green grass, a piece of broken glass, a jagged rock beckoning to him. His mother held him back and would not let him relish the delights of the world. Pepper saw himself in this harness. He knew why he had come to the office this morning but he also knew that he was not going back again. If this child could stir up such a struggle, so could he.

He stopped at a bar on the corner to think this thing over. It was a big thing for him to do, and he knew it would take a lot of determination. This job was easy money. As the whiskey flowed down his scrawny throat, he became more certain. Let the boss do his own dirty work. He was through!

"Well, if it isn't Pepper Irwin!" A big hand slapped him on his back, and he twisted to see Mike Jackson.

keep your
eye on



for
significant
fashion news

"Mike Jackson! Where have you been keeping yourself? Here, sit down and have a drink, for old friends' sake."

"Pepper, I haven't seen you since you stopped eating down at Clancy's. Where did you go?"

"Oh, I moved to a different apartment, and Clancy's was out of the way. You still have your used-car lot?"

"Yes, and I'm about ready to open up a new one. What have you been doing with yourself?"

Pepper bit his lips and stared at his drink. "I'm kind'a in between jobs right now."

"Say, that's wonderful!"

"Wonderful?"

"Yeah! I need a couple of good men to run my new lot. Think it over. It's a pretty good proposition. I'd rather have an old friend over there anyhow. What are friends for if you can't do something for them once in a while?"

This was his chance. He knew he could make good on this job. There was no hesitation as he stated, "Sure does sound good, Mike."

Mike handed him a small card. "Here, be over here at this new lot at about nine in the morning. We'll settle your salary and everything then. I got to run."

"Goodbye, and thanks."

"Sure, Pepper. See you tomorrow."

Drinking was no good for him now; so he slid from the stool, paid his bill, and went to a movie. He could not keep his mind on the show. All he could see was the new life he was about to go into. He wished he could twist the dial of his watch and make it be nine o'clock.

Nine o'clock came and passed, as did eight other mornings. Pepper bought some new clothes, flashed a toothy smile at everyone, sold a few cars, and for the first time in his working life received a little praise for what he had done. Somehow, praise was not enough. If he only had enough money to place a bet on that long shot down at the track or play a couple of games of poker before he went to sleep at night. This was a good job, but there was no comparison in the amount of money.

He twisted his bedclothes into turmoil at night as he wondered what would happen if Mike found out what kind of job he had had before. He was his own boss now. What could he do? He wasn't a puppet any more.

He had just settled down one night with the morning paper when he heard the door bell echo through the apartment. Slowly he cracked the door, and there was Grayley.

"Hello, Pepper." His voice carried a cynical strain. "Oh, I beg your pardon, it's Mr. Irwin now."

"Come in, quick, before someone sees you." What if Mike should wander up for a drink now?

"Ashamed of your old boss?" The ashen face did not answer.

"I hear you're doing all right, Pepper." Pepper watched as Grayley wandered around the apartment.

"I guess so. I've got a pretty good job." He tried to convince himself.

"No more red silk," Grayley leered as his burly hands picked up the gray tie around Pepper's neck.

"No!" He could feel the big man's hands tightening.

"You're a big man, Pepper."

"S-sure."

"I need a big man, Pepper."

"Get out of here, Grayley! I'll-I'll" He was frantic now. What could he do?

"Police?" Grayley supplied. "No good. Not your old boss."

"No, I'd go too," he quickly realized.

"Sure you would. Right beside me. Twenty years of me."

Pepper was at the end of his rope. "What do you want, Grayley?"

"You." It was simple.

"Me?" Pepper could not focus his thought on anything but the big man before him. He thought of the puppet again. He was scared.

"Yeah, you've played grown-ups for long enough. It's time we moved in on another town. I know a better one."


Pepper tried to breathe deeply or to shake his head and wake up to find out that this was only a dream. He could see nothing but the money. "More money."

"More than you could make in a lifetime with Jackson."

Silence invaded the room as Pepper sought an answer. He closed his eyes and caught his face in his hands. He could not stand the freedom any longer. "Wait for me in the car."

Pepper's eyes slid around the room as he pulled off the new coat and yanked on his old sportcoat. He would leave all of these things behind because he knew he would never use them again. The old coat was cool to his hot figure, and his red tie was stuffed in the pocket. He snapped off the light, leaving his new life in obscurity. He could feel the strings tighten as he walked out the door.

Refreshment to You

Through 
the Years



BOTTLED UNDER AUTHORITY OF THE COCA-COLA COMPANY BY
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In the Piedmont section of the state of Catawba, there is a school for girls. It is Duchess College, and it is located in the largest city in the state of Catawba, Amelia. Although the school song proclaims that it is far from the bustle of town, it is actually situated on one of the busiest streets in Amelia. The buildings are of the traditional red brick; they are rather imposing from the outside, but shabby on the inside.

Duchess College is noted for its faculty. It is a requirement that the faculty members must have had at least two years of math in college, for it takes someone who knows math to juggle the grades. If more than two or three per-

mad rush to have her join a particular bridge club. Duchess girls are noted for their bridge playing, having six years in succession won the Southern College Bridge Tournament. There is not a heavy demand for Duchess graduates since Daisy Mead, who was Chief Marshal in 1956, proclaimed to her history class that John C. Calhoun was the greatest president of the United States. When confronted with this absurd statement, the college stated that it was not responsible for what those ridiculous South Carolinians said after they left school.

Not all is work at Duchess; there are any activities to entertain the students. There is at least one dance or party

D u c h e s s C o l l e g e

GARY BRADY

cent of a class turns up with "A's", the professor works frantically to eliminate the superfluous "A's." If the professor didn't, the consequences would be dire. The few brave souls on the faculty who dare to give over three per cent of their class "A's" usually find themselves out of a position as a result of this foolhardiness.

According to the booklet put out each year by the college, the average student is five feet nine inches tall; weighs one hundred and eighteen pounds; makes two "A's", two "B's", and one "C"; and belongs to Upsilon Dasi Sorority. The booklet neglects to add that her father has \$18,234.29 in the bank, owns four television sets, three automobiles, and votes straight Republican. In truthfulness, the average student makes one "D", three "C's", and possibly one "B"; she strives hard not to be on required attendance in order that she may skip unpleasant classes and go to football games on the weekend; she smokes Camels and prefers cokes; she spends two hours studying each day; she spends six hours in the local coke tavern called Cupid's Lair. She marries a boy from Goliathson College, teaches school for one year, and has three children. One of these children is sure to go to Duchess and start the whole cycle over again.

The college is noted for its literary magazine *The Pink Pen*. This publication furnishes an opportunity for hopeful writers and poets. Running along the lines of Edgar A. Guest, the poems are usually extremely saccharine or terribly bitter. It is in the short story department, however, that the girls hit their peak. *True Confessions* recently asked if it could subscribe to *The Pink Pen* because it contained some very good material for that magazine. Currently running in the *Pen* is a continued story called "Confessions of a Senior, Or How to Win Friends and Fool Teachers."

Duchess usually puts out a high type of graduate. When a Duchess girl moves into a new town, there is always a

each week. There is the annual May Day program, and behind closed doors every Sunday afternoon the girls play cards. The storm broke one afternoon when one girl's mother barged into one of the smoke-filled rooms to find her daughter playing cards. The mother was very upset and headed for the dean's office. The dean, supposedly on business, was out of town for the weekend. He was in truth playing golf. The dean was like a bear to the students, always threatening to bite off the head of some poor student. He was, consequently, unprepared for his encounter with the irate mother on Monday morning. In exactly five minutes he deteriorated from a bear to an insignificant cub. He even smiled at a freshman.

There was issued shortly thereafter a decree forbidding card playing on Sunday afternoon. Officially at least the card playing stopped. This stopping of the card playing led to the formation of the SAM Club. This was the Sunday Afternoon Movie Club, membership in which was coveted and much sought after. Each Saturday there was a poll of the members to see which movie the girls would attend. Thus every Sunday afternoon at two o'clock there was a parade of girls to the bus stop. A few minutes later the girls descended on one of the local theaters. The huge group became much sought after, and theater managers vied to get their patronage. The Catawba slipped the president of the SAM Club a tip to lead the girls to their movie as much as possible. And each year when elections rolled around, each theater worked hard to get its particular candidate elected president of the SAM Club. The Plantation promised to play nothing but Rock Hudson and Robert Wagner films as a campaign promise for its candidate, but the Bijou candidate won with a promise to play plenty of foreign films like "Illicit Interlude" and "One Summer of Happiness." Because of popcorn crunching the group has fallen into disfavor lately.

SOUTHERN EXPOSURE

SHIRLY SHIPP

Hot, pebbled roads wind through the old section of the island. The undulating beige sand hills part to reveal blue water and tiny shrimp boats etched against the horizon. Here shingled cottages comfortably greved by the weather nestle among the dunes; these are the homes rented every summer by the same families. Negro mammies resting on red kerchiefs spread over the sand watch over the browned, sun-suited children building drip castles and hunting for shells.

Only a short distance down the road this scene of grey cottages, cream dunes edged with brown-green stalks, and sparkling aquamarine waters abruptly changes to tall oaks shrouded in mists of Spanish moss. Pale shafts of sunlight filter through the foliage to gleam palely on the white spires of a church. Golden-stamened magnolias bloom in the church yard. The old fort nearby still sentinels the bay; huge flakes have crumbled from its grey stone walls, but the cannons still point rusting mouths toward the water and the invaders who never came. An atmosphere of peace pervades the area; only the lap, lap of the sea indicates the passage of time.

The new side of the island could be any small but bustling American resort. Red and white service stations dot the highway, and here the flap of the gull's wing has been drowned out by the din of the cash register. Pottery stands, souvenir shops, and neoned restaurants rest uneasily on the sand.

Stucco beach hotels blatantly advertised with neon signs hug the dunes, white rectangles blazing in the sun. The roof tops of these tourist lures form a chartreuse and pink crazy quilt of color. The hotel swimming pools are uniformly painted too-aqua; not a ripple can be seen on the solid blue-green surfaces of the water. The stinging, white-hot heat has driven the tourists from the brick patios to the lounges, where tinted glass and lustrous waxy plants create an illusion of shadowed coolness.

At first glance the lounge group inside seems incompatible. The winter-white morning arrivals form an incongruous contrast to the peeling, sunburned visitors who are "natives" after three days. The Jewish dress manufacturer from New York is still apprehensive that this may be a limited clientele. He looks at his wife perched on a hassock, languidly swinging a slim brown leg, her white pendant earrings hitting her flushed cheeks as she tosses her head back to laugh. He sighs; at least it is a Southern vacation, even if it isn't Miami.

The affable shoe salesman from Buffalo gives his wife a surreptitious glance and then leans closer to the blonde at the bar; his wife, after several unsuccessful jabs, pierces her Martini olive, draws up the dripping green object, and pops it into her mouth, all the while staring at the occupants of the room with a sullen, blank expression. Piercing giggles issue from the corner where a table has been set up for bridge. After four lonely days the sixth-grade teacher and her roommate, a secretary, have cornered two unwilling bridge partners. One is a shy bank clerk from Illinois. The

WOMEN'S COLLEGES WILL REMAIN

MARY BROOKS YARBOROUGH

Young women attend college for many reasons. These various reasons, however, are merely subdivisions of the desire of all to learn to fit in the world and to learn to help others become adjusted to life. Education, the purpose of all institutions of higher learning, furnishes previews of ways of achieving adjustment. According to Dr. Harold Taylor, President of Sarah Lawrence, "A student is a person who is learning to fulfill his powers and to find ways of using them in the service of mankind . . ."

After she finishes her years of formal education, a young woman takes her place in society as a career woman or homemaker. In either field she is a woman, endowed with a woman's awareness, originality, sensitivity. A great many young women have always felt that this awareness, originality, sensitivity, is developed better in a college that is specifically equipped to educate young women, bringing out the unique qualities and potentials of the sex. Women have much originality, sensitivity to contribute to society. Let them be educated in the type of school that they think brings out these endowments as well as improves their store of factual knowledge.

The majority of young women find that their "service of mankind" is in homemaking. A wife spends most of her day without her husband. She is not on one continuous date as may be possible in some co-ed schools. She must be able to rely on her own initiative, her own capacities. Many young women have always felt that they would be able to adjust better as wives if they were educated in a manner that included developing their individual feminine potentials.

The greatest amount of pressure in college enrollment today is not only in the Ivy League schools for men, but also in the Seven Big Women's Colleges—Barnard, Bryn Mawr, Mt. Holyoke, Radcliffe, Smith, Vassar, Wellesley. We know that enrollment is increasing in all women's colleges. Locally we see this in our own Queens. This increase would seem an indication that an ever-increasing number of young women feel, as others have felt in the past, that in a college for women they can better develop their endowments and capacity to adjust and help others adjust.

other, an unsuccessful playwright, wears a white silk muffler, a cocked right eyebrow, and a look of complete boredom.

Yet this group is not heterogeneous. All are devotees of the fascinating art of impressing the Joneses. Bound by the four walls of the patio and the lounge, they will become well-versed in the scenic beauty of the island. Conversation will be filled with glowing comments about the Gone-with-the-Wind atmosphere. Two weeks later all will report to their friends back home about the delightful change found in the slowness of the Southern pace, the beauty of the locale, and the unconsciously naive (but decidedly decadent) charm of the people. The Southerners still call them "niggers," but, really, there was no violence shown.

The shrill of the air-raid siren broke the stillness. The city suddenly came to life. People poured out of hotels, stores, office buildings, filling-stations, diners, drugstores, and everywhere. Quickly they walked to the various pick-up points.

Down at the court house busses and trucks stood ready to receive passengers. The police and firemen stood on guard at their posts.

"The Russians are coming! We'll all be killed!" a woman screamed frantically.

"Wait! I must lock the bank!" shrieked a banker, making a dash for a momentary opening in the crowd.

"Now I'll *never* get this research done!"

"My poor babies! They're in school! They'll be killed!"

"I want my dolly! The mean men mustn't have her!"

"Oh, dear," moaned a dark-haired, slightly-built man who was carrying a violin case. "When will I *ever* learn to read NO PARKING signs?" He studied a traffic ticket.

"I want my doggie!"

"Oh, the poor diatoms! Hurry, we must save them!"

"Heavens! I forgot my purse! I must have it!"

"Good-bye, pipe organ—you've been such a wonderful new toy."

These were a few of the more distinguishable remarks, each person speaking the thought uppermost in his mind. Here in this place was gathered a fair sample of every type of person who had ever been born on the face of the earth.

Jefferey Smith sat quietly in the driver's seat of his bus. Languidly he surveyed the crowd of citizens. His feeling for these people was as impersonal as the steering wheel which fit so nicely into his hands. That he would soon be responsible for these pushing, shoving, selfish people left him cold. That ungrateful rabble who blamed him for the thousand little things that invariably happened on a trip!

Slowly he pushed open the window. Above the sounds of the crowd he heard a voice on the public address system telling him to open the door; to let thirty-five people on his bus, order the people to form a line, and then signal him to open the door. Reluctantly Jeff opened the door. The people began crowding and pushing.

"Outa my way!" roared a questionable party, forcing his way to the front of the line. "Everybody won't get away and I'm not going to be killed!"

"Shutup, you!" hissed a policeman. "Get back in line."

"Like fish I will! *You* want the women and kids for yourself; well, so do I! Lemme on this bus!"

"Shutup!" hissed the policeman. "Do you want to start a panic?"

"He admits it; it's true!"

Jeff's eyes flashed with hate. His muscles constricted noticeably at the base accusation. He violently shoved the man back from the door. "Okay, you folks, hurry up. We ain't got all day."

"You'll hear from my lawyer about this!" the trouble-maker screamed, shaking his fist.

"A lotta good it'll do." Jeff eyed him coldly, defiance simmering in the medium blue eyes. He slammed shut the door of the bus.

"Driver, there's one more seat!" a passenger called.

"Maybe," Jeff answered noncommittally.

"That's not very helpful," a passenger informed him.

"I didn't intend to be."

"That'll be a zero . . . six more and you fail!" called a boyish-looking gentleman of about twenty-five years of age. His blue eyes gleamed defiance; his yellow hair, worn in a grown-out crewcut gleamed in the midday sun.

Jeff started the bus in disgust. Those high-school teachers

The outgoing traffic flooded the broad highways, choking up the lifelines of the doomed cities. Pedestrians flocked along the shoulders, trampling the vegetation underfoot.

Operation Evacuation

MARGARET GURLEY

The ribbon of asphalt had been converted into the outpourings of a great city. The large double-decked bus crept cautiously along with the rest of the fleeing traffic.

"An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;
Oh, give me my lowly-thatch'd cottage again;
The birds singing gaily, that came at my call;
Give me them, and that peace of mind, dearer than all."

These words ran through Jeff's mind as he surveyed the panorama that spread before him. The song which they were from was one that he had heard his grandparents sing long years ago.

His thoughts as quickly returned to the present. A million individual lives depended on the success of this mechanical mass-evacuation. Slowly, surely, the steady stream of outgoing traffic crept eastward, flowed to the rising sun.

"They should have waited until night to have this thing. Nights are so romantic," commented a gentleman who looked like a genius. Perhaps he would have preferred programs printed in Sanskrit.

Somewhere far over the ocean planes roared through the stillness of the midday skies, and somewhere along the coast American combat troops stood waiting, and fighter planes roared away from airfields. Somewhere there was a laugh and somewhere there was a tear, and everywhere there was mingled hope and despair.

Jeff stared at the steady stream of traffic between him and safety. The frantic screams of a child sounded annoyingly harsh in his ears.

"All right, who's chewing that gum? I smell it!"

"I must get this written up for the *Rambler*!" announced a gentleman with dark hair, slightly wavy. "Wonder where my star reporter is?"

"Everybody, let's sing!" A rather slender man of medium height, who wore a grey business suit, stood in the aisle

His dark eyes flashed at the cowed passengers, his dark, slightly greying hair glinting in the noonday sun. "Let's sing!"

A gentleman with large blue eyes smiled a shy, dimpled smile. He pursed his thin lips together until his small mouth was drawn into an almost perfect circle. The large silver buckle of his belt gleamed in the sun.

The man who led the music was well suited for his occupation. His rich baritone voice boomed out until the thirty-three other singers sounded like a distant chorus. It was plain to see that this singer enjoyed his singing.

The loud, boisterous singing was distracting, but not as much so as its forerunner had been. The music moved along with a rollicking movement.

A gentleman with thick black hair puffed avidly at a smelly pipe. No Texan should be alarmed at anything.

Outside the traffic moved slowly along, creeping almost ten miles an hour in its fastest spots. Overhead the skies were overcast, grey, and threatening, enfolding the world in a foggy perspective. The seconds ticked by and vanished into eternity—unredeemable, precious seconds—and each one brought the hidden danger closer.

It was almost like a play at the Little Theater. Those people out there were the actors and he, Jeff, was the spectator, the audience. It was as though he was peering into another world. A world so distant and unreal that it seemed . . .

"This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in."

"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances:
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages."

The sky was overcast as it had been on the fateful Sunday morning in 1941, pregnant with unmade history that would shock the slumbering world into a rude awakening. The innocent expectancy and surprise of Pearl Harbor and the fatalistic horror and indecision of Hiroshima recurred fitfully to haunt the present. This time there was a different danger. The other dangers had been on foreign soils, but his danger was omnipresent; it was real! It was a direct blow to the confidence of the impregnable, capitalistic giant whose shores were laved by the waves of two mighty oceans.

THE THREAT WAS REAL!

The cold-thinking, unfeeling human machine lighted a cigarette, allowed it to simmer in his fingers for a minute, then crushed and threw it from the window. The cigarette missed momentarily on the wet top of a passing vehicle, then went out.

A few drops of rain pattered against the windshield of the bus. A flick of the switch, and the windshield-wipers began their crazed irregular flopping across the windshield. Jeff turned slightly in his seat and remarked to the passenger behind him, "Those things flop around like a chicken with its head cut off."

"Where'd you ever see one?"

"My folks *had* a farm once," Jeff turned back to the road. Traffic was at a standstill.

"Why the 'had'?" the passenger inquired.

Jeff felt a tug at the draw-string that concealed memories of other days, of happy hours that made recollection a stabbing, acute pain. For years, it seemed, he had lived only in the present. Now a hidden hand was tugging at the seal. A few words would break that seal. It must not happen, not now . . . not after all this time. Slowly he turned in his seat.

"They moved into town." The approaching catastrophe gave his words a poorly disguised bitterness.

"There's more to it than that, isn't there?"

"Wonder what's holding up traffic?" With that Jeff turned back to the road.

A hammer was beating a ceaseless tattoo on the sealed door of memory.

He sealed a calm, expressionless mask on his face.

THE PASSENGERS SANG ON.

"Tell me the tales that to me were so dear,
Long, long ago, long, long ago."

The mask was gone. Jeff stared ahead, a haunted glaze to his eye.

"Can't you sing something else!"

A confused silence descended over the bus.

The traffic ahead moved a few inches . . . then stopped dead. Jeff glanced at his watch. Forty-five minutes had passed since they had started, and they had gone almost five miles.

"Only a miracle," Jeff thought frantically. "Only a miracle will save us now!"

Unconsciously he began to hum a melody that was torn from the past. Almost immediately the others joined in.

"Do, Lord, oh do, Lord,
Oh do remember me!"

To Jeff the words seemed to rise heavenward, each one a winged prayer.

The sky was dark, very dark, and an iridescent strip of lightning skipped about the skies. Thunder rumbled like the bass drum part in a Sousa march. The shrieking wind tore and ripped at the trees, lashing them with stringing whips until young pines bent almost double and moaned pitifully.

Somewhere behind them there was an eerie flash of light. The world seemed to be a frightened, trembling, quivering thing. Looking into a side rear-view mirror, Jeff saw a huge mushroom, beautiful but deadly, appear on the Western horizon. It was an awesome, gorgeous sight when he stopped thinking of the eyes of devastation and death that had the front row seats for this drama.

"Open the windows, driver."

"You wouldn't want that mushroom, lady—get back to your seat."

"You're inhuman!!!" she marched defiantly back to her seat. "It's hot in here!"

Noting this by-play with a startled expression, a small silent artist was turned in his seat sketching the apparition of the mushroom. In all his travels he had never seen a sight like this to paint. His mild blue eyes had a dormant spark in them.

"Humph," commented the owner of the smelly pipe. "We have *mushrooms* bigger than that in Texas. Wonder what Little Abbie would think about that!"

(Continued on page 27)

An Evaluation of My Classes

(Continued from page 7)

praise of special favor, but to show that I am interested and that I appreciate his interest.

The small size of the majority of my classes and the feeling of unity within the class make possible this third element in stimulated education: the chance to discuss fully any aspect of the assignment. For the most part the professors that I have act as guides to the understanding of the presented material. They do not lead me to believe that they are the final authority. I feel quite free to question that which I cannot understand, to interpret for myself the underlying message in the assignment, or to present my views to the class for discussion. I heartily welcome on this campus the method of learning by the group tutorial system. To be able to discuss different interpretations, and to weigh, consider, or tear apart with other students the material that is being studied is the most rewarding and satisfying experience in education.

In my opinion one of the greatest steps forward in stimulating interest in all classes are courses that can parallel majors and make the study of the major broader and more informative. For example, if I am to major in history, would not a bit of knowledge of mythology, art, drama, literature, and customs make the study of history more interesting and much more satisfactory? Such an opportunity is not only stimulating but it is obviously beneficial, and much credit should be given to some forward-looking professors who have not only introduced new courses but have given new life to those courses already established.

These elements in my classes that have richly stimulated me cannot be listed in order of their importance, for all go hand in hand to make education a rich experience, not a dreary grind.

Reasons Why I Have Not Been Motivated

(Continued from page 7)

a discussion in which the teacher lectures without ceasing thereby giving the pupil no room for growth.

Some of the minor aspects of classroom lectures which repel motivation for a student are these: 1. presenting a narrow point of view of the subject matter; 2. being unable to evaluate fairly a student's point of view in a disagreement; 3. continuing to give the same type of homework for each class period (I realize that in certain classes a definite type of homework which is hard to vary must be given); 4. leaving no time at the end of several class periods to discuss the subject matter in the light of present-day situations and 5. giving unorganized tests which do not stress the heart of the material gone over, thereby limiting a student from expressing what she has grasped and understood from the subject studied.

The above statements are by no means a sum of my experiences in my classes at Queens; I have been both inspired and stimulated many times. But these are presented as a reminder of the need for a constant growth toward improving classroom lectures and discussions so that both the teacher and the student may gain insight and understanding in the subject matter set forth to be studied.

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With a Light Heart

SHIRLY SHIPP

That morning my eyes were open before the insistent buzz of my alarm clock could give vent to its clamorous *on jour*. I shut my eyes again, excitement, a neap tide, welling up high in my throat. Even at that early hour the dorm was alive with noise; muffled giggles and unexplained thuds issued forth from half-open doors. Breakfast conversation was biased. Talk was limited by tacit agreement to discussions of escorts' arrival times, designs of formals, requests to borrow gloves, bags, earrings, and earnest queries of "Do you *really* think he likes me?"

Classes flew by in a dazed glow. French verbs danced madly across the page. The monotone of the professor's voice droned like a lazy bee over the bent young heads and hands idly fingering freshly-sharpened yellow pencils. How ancient could history be! I gazed out the window. Tender green leaves fluttered gayly against the spare black fingers of the trees, the whole scene gilded by the flashing sunshine. The sky was crystal-blue; a few whipped-cream clouds played hide-and-seek far upstairs. My mind wandered from the Hellenic civilization.

After a hastily bolted lunch the girls raced in little groups back to their rooms, shouts and snatches of songs drifting behind them. The next hours were spent in a flurry of preparation. Wails came from down the hall, "Just look at my hair! It never looked worse!" Again came the thuds of boxes and opening drawers. A girl ran down the hall, her mules scudding wildly, billows of tulle over her arm. She was shrieking, "Crazy me! Eddie's due, and I've got to get this dress pressed!"

Soon girls gathered in one room, a chattering, excited group. Apathetic bridge games were begun, never finished; magazines were listlessly thumbed through. Upstairs could be heard a hesitant staccato peck as a procrastinator attempted to finish a paper due Monday. At the sound of the loudspeaker all noise magically ceased as ears strained to see if the nasal drone would announce their name and "Caller in Burwell." As each girl left in a swirl of starched, icy crinolines and the patter of suede flats, the others would flash meaningless grins at each other and then resume their vacant stares. The situation was made more unnatural and strained by the fact that no one would dare sit down for fear of wrinkling those fresh, full cotton dresses.

Finally my name was called. Again the rush of activity began. Frantic hands substituted a white satin ribbon for the blue one, and then the consensus decided in favor of the white bow to tie back my pony tail. I gave another dash to my freckles with a powder puff and a stiff brushing to my hair. Smoothing my skirt with wet palms, I swallowed hard, cast one drowning glance at the room and left.

The walk to Burwell stretched before me like the dunes of the Sahara. Forcing myself to keep my pace down to a date stroll, I reached Burwell. I paused a moment before the steps. My heart was thudding, my hands cold and aching, my throat dry. I entered Burwell and glanced rapidly over the dates assembled there. Then I saw him. As he came toward me with that familiar little boy's grin, the weight on my chest lifted, my cheeks flushed, and I walked to him on light feet.

Operation Evacuation

(Continued from page 25)

Taking advantage of the excitement, a rather short lady was trying desperately to capture a seat beside the artist. On one finger she wore a poison ring.

A rather tall, slender Texan with black hair and blue-grey eyes, who wore a pair of khaki trousers and shirt with one sleeve half-way ripped off, remarked what a sensational backdrop that would make.

"What happened, driver? What's back there?" asked a passenger sitting on the front seat next to the aisle. "Please stop so I can get a specimen to run a chemical analysis on."

Jeff turned to look at her.

"Just keep looking straight ahead, ma'am. Pray we're still here five minutes from now." Then he shouted to the passengers at large, "Don't look back, and sing for all you're worth!"

"What'll we sing?" asked the man of the baritone voice.

"Better make it somethin' like 'Nearer, My God, To Thee' or 'A Mighty Fortress!'" Jeff replied. Then he muttered to himself, "It's likely to be the last song we ever sing."

"Why those two in particular?" questioned the man sitting behind him. Jeff eyed him cautiously. This guy wouldn't get hysterical, not now.

"They sorta seem the right kind of songs for a mass funeral," was the quiet reply.

"Nothin's going to happen to us, driver," the man returned quietly.

"Listen," Jeff commanded. He pushed open the window. The drone of airplanes grew closer and closer.

THE PASSENGERS SANG LUSTILY.

"A mighty fortress is our God,
A bulwark never failing,
Our helper he amid the flood
Of mortal ills prevailing"

Suddenly the heavy clouds broke and the sun peeped through cautiously. THERE WERE THE PLANES, OVERHEAD! The fighters and the bombers! There was a bright orange-red flame, and the percussions of a mass explosion!

Then the faint hum of jet motors grew fainter. There was only a deadly silence—a silence pregnant with devastation and death. The large mushroom disintegrated slowly, its various hues running together. Portions of it rained down on the stricken earth; parts of it drifted away on the breeze to contaminate more distant areas. Grim, staring faces that quickly disintegrated floated about on the poisoned atmosphere. The land was completely stripped of any landmarks and wrapped in the gentle silence of the tomb.

Suddenly there was a loud knocking coming out of the desolation of his surroundings. Jeff looked about him. Only the empty seats met his puzzled gaze. Slowly Jeff opened the door of his bus and the people began crowding in.

"We repeat! This is only a drill!" floated slowly and distinctly over the loudspeaker.

This time it had been a figment of the imagination. The diatoms and the pipe organ remain intact. The parking fine must still be paid—but next time?

Mad Hatters

GLORIA GRIFFITH

A woman's hat is the most unpredictable thing in nature, a preposterous price tag, a lift to her confidence, a triumph over her neighbor, an apology to her friends, a remembrance of an occasion, a topic of conversation, an obstacle to another's view, a pretext for an untidy hairdo, a husband's concern, a child's delight, a conglomeration.

A hat portrays much of the wearer's personality. Mrs. Pink Ostrich Feathers on a Purple Felt busies herself with numerous "duties" of any social affair in the community. She is the typical society woman who spends her mornings in bed, her afternoons at luncheons and teas, and her evenings at bridge or garden-club meetings. Knowing all gossip, she is quick to pass it on. Never has she appeared in public in the same hat twice. (Pity her poor husband.) This woman is even more of a puzzle than her chapeau.

There is, however, a worse evil under a hat, and that is Mrs. Unkept Hair Covered by a Black Fur. Her hair is stringy; therefore, she frequents the most exclusive shops to select the most flattering hat. Her chosen styles are either in the ridiculous shape of a stove pipe, umbrella, jello mold, or mushroom. She is lazy, extravagant, and thoughtless.

Miss Brown Marquissette with a Perk Feather is a college student, and she is more conservative in her tastes than the two mad hatters. Being on a budget, she must make her hats versatile by changing the trimmings to go with her ensemble. Her smart, tailored hats reveal her personality. Friendly to all, interested in learning, popular in any group, this young lady has a good personality. Even her hats avow that she is an asset to her college.

One glance at the hat of a mother of five young boys gives you introspection to this woman's personality. With little time or money to spend on hats, Mrs. Black Velvet with the Small Veil chooses hats that will "do" for more than one year. Each season she remodels, adds or subtracts to her hat so that it will help camouflage that three-year-old wool suit. This fine woman is co-operative with her husband, thrifty, a good mother, active in PTA, and a hard worker. A new hat will always boost her morale.

Direct from Hollywood, Miss Diamond-studded Fur is a striking person. She is as outspoken and conspicuous as her absurd hat. This gaudy creation (probably from her latest motion picture) is so original that no other woman would dream of wearing it. If the main attraction on her huge chapeau is not a rhinestone, it is likely to be a colorful peacock whose feathers cover the entire crown of the hat. By talking in riddles and attempting to be sophisticated, this woman appears as frivolous and unorganized as her hat.

In contrast to the hat of the starlet is the hat of Grandmother Black Felt with a small Flower on Front. How clearly her hat shows her personality. She is a dear, elderly lady who loves to read, sew, and talk. Occasionally with the

hat placed on her gray hair she will go to town or to a lecture at the museum. She has had the little bonnet for many years, yet it is her favorite one and the addition to her every outfit.

This theme of a woman's hat is incorporated with so much matter for disastrous as well as comic associations that it is hard to separate the two. A woman's clothes make the very first impression, and if she is engulfed by a hodgepodge of feathers, bows, flowers, and veiling, this first impression is likely to be an unpleasant one. Hats are necessary for warmth; yet few are designed with this purpose in mind. Men call hats ridiculous, boys call them useless, children call them funny, but women call them fascinating. What goes on a woman's head tells a story in itself.

Impressions From My Train Window

SHIRLY SHIPP

The railroad tracks rushed past, serpentine monsters gliding through the night. I stared out my window, fascinated by the sinuous pattern, cold, black, and impersonal. The train lurched to a quivering standstill. A station was not in view, uniformly ugly; in the dim light its rust roof and other wooden sides yielded a sharp contrast to the crimson and gold of the tattered circus posters half-pasted to its walls. As I watched, the wind tore off a jagged section of poster and sent it scuttling wildly through the rank grass that edged the tracks.

Only a few persons were to be seen at this late hour. A Negro pair, midnight lovers, clung together in the dark under the overhanging station roof. The flickering red-and-green signals cast a garish light over her chocolate fingers gently stroking his face, plucking nervously at his khaki tunic. A yawning stationmaster approached and tapped the man's shoulder. As the soldier walked away, I could see the girl still crying, leaning against the station walls.

I must have dozed. When I looked out my window again the undulating hills in the distance were faintly edged in rose, their foothills still regally purple. The red eye of the sun abruptly appeared and viewed the world with a baleful glow. Winter-bare trees thrust their black fingers toward the grey-blue sky. Rain began to fall, a cold, steady drizzle. Lulled into a fetal passiveness by the plush green staleness of my Pullman, I felt myself to be completely detached from the outside world of pain, sorrow, and poverty.

Lyrics from "An Indian Summer Idyll"

by

LOUISE ROBERTSON

Youth yet untamed and free and wild,
 Although with innocence of child!
 Oh foolish night and now we part,
 Beware, beware my broken heart,
 Of loves who come and quickly slight
 You, as the birds on wing in flight
 Will slight a Season at its birth
 By flying to a warmer earth.
 Once they taste your fertile plains,
 They fly away to other grains.
 Oh, foolish, foolish night, we part.
 Beware, beware, my broken heart!

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If I could but a shepherd be
 And hold a lyre upon my knee,
 I'd sing my love for only thee.
 If you but spoke this name of mine,
 I'd twist the sound and make divine
 The notes, my love, that once were thine.
 Stranger who my heart has taken,
 Let not your sweet love awaken
 To find herself, lone, forsaken
 By that which she had mistaken
 As love never ending.
 "My sweetest love," then whispered he,
 "Come closer, nearer, nearer me.
 Love, do not bewildered be.
 Never shall I hurt nor harm thee.
 Love is never ending."

Happy is the glad New Year
 For loves who still love now.
 Saddened is the heartfelt tear
 Shed through broken vow.
 To kiss again, to care again—
 To see again, to share again,
 To know the joy of love again!
 God, where is my love again?

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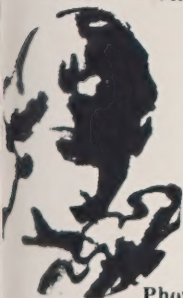
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The birds are singing;
The sun is shining,
Casting silvery glints
Upon the needles of rain;
The world is bathed
In the light of new creation;
A misty, shiny vapor
Envelops the earth.

I lift my eyes to the rain-washed sky and see
A rainbow, God's glorious covenant sign.

SARAH ANN SMITH

The world is young again,
And the promise of new spring life
Breathes from the trees and flowers.

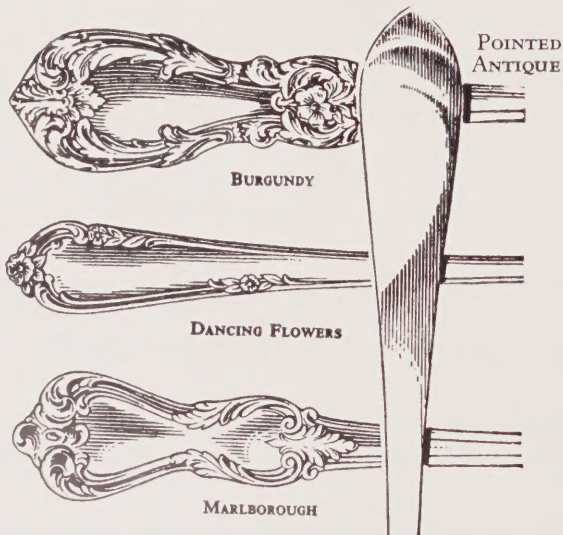
The promise fills my heart
And makes me know
That the soul's ideals
Will truly be fulfilled.
Gone are all fears and doubts:
My heart is young,
And life waits to be lived.

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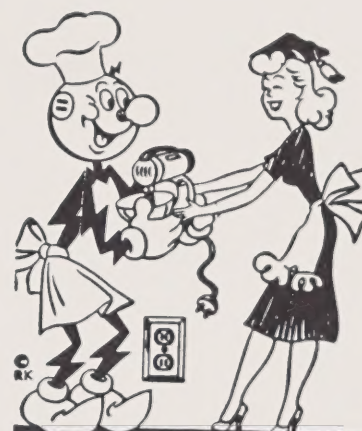
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